SICUT PATRIBUS SIT DEUS NOBIS
BOSTONIA
CONDITA A.D.
1630.
CIVITATIS REGIMINE DONATA A.D. 1822

Class E711
6
Book B74

OFFICIAL DONATION.

MEMORIAL

OF

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

REV JOSEPH H ROCKWELL S J

HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN L. BATES,
Governor of Massachusetts

WILLIAM McKINLEY

President of the United States

A

MEMORIAL

OF

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

FROM THE

CITY OF BOSTON.

PREPARED BY ORDER OF THE CITY COUNCIL BY JOHN F. DEVER,
CLERK OF COMMITTEES.

BOSTON:
MUNICIPAL PRINTING OFFICE.
1902.

THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS

In Board of Aldermen, December 12, 1901.

Ordered, That the Clerk of Committees, under the direction of the Committee on Printing, be authorized to prepare and have printed an edition of two thousand copies of a volume containing an account of the memorial services held in Faneuil Hall, November 26, 1901, in honor of the late President McKinley; the expense of the same to be charged to the appropriation for City Council, Incidental Expenses.

Passed. Sent down for concurrence. December 12 came up concurred. Approved by the Mayor December 23, 1901.

DEC 7 1903
D. of D.

THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS

ACTION OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

SATURDAY, September 14, 1901.

Special meeting of both branches of the City Council were held in their respective chambers, at 12 M., pursuant to the following call:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, September 14, 1901.

To the Honorable the City Council of Boston:

Having been informed of the death, which occurred this morning, of William McKinley, the President of the United States, you are hereby requested to assemble in your respective chambers on Saturday, September 14, 1901, at twelve o'clock M., for the purpose of taking such action touching the solemn event as would appropriately express the sympathy of our citizens in this national sorrow, and their respect for the memory of the deceased.

JAMES H. DOYLE, *Acting Mayor.*

IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

The Board was called to order by Chairman Doyle. The Clerk read the call for the meeting, as printed above, and it was sent down.

The following was received:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, September 14, 1901.

To the Honorable the City Council:

GENTLEMEN, — Under the call of the Acting Mayor you are requested to take proper action on the loss we suffer in the death of William McKinley, President of the United States.

A suitable order is submitted herewith, to be supplemented by such further resolutions and orders as you may think appropriate.

It is not needful that we praise the late President. He was among the best known and best beloved of men. And as time goes on, it is not likely that his just fame for purity and integrity will suffer.

Like many of our public men, he has left to us a stainless name, to be honored and loved throughout the land, especially in every American home. As far as lies in human nature, he represented whatsoever is best in our people. He was a true American, of the people, with the people, for the people. May his death unite our people more and more. President McKinley will be gratefully remembered by his close and honorable connection with a period of unexampled prosperity and advancement in our affairs; promoted, in the natural course of events, to the highest place in our country, he won the confidence and affection of mankind. Let us unite with President Roosevelt, and with all proper authorities, in the brave discharge of all our duties, that liberty, morality and true progress may be ours under Divine Providence.

Respectfully,

THOMAS N. HART, *Mayor.*

Read and sent down.

Chairman of the Board of Aldermen, JAMES H. DOYLE, said:

Gentlemen of the Board of Aldermen, — When a friend dies we mourn. We review his virtues, and hold in loving memory his goodness of heart and kindly acts. We cherish him with a saeredness of thought which we cannot give to the living. To-day we are called here to mourn for the ruler of this mighty nation. His virtues are widely known. It is seldom that a citizen of these United States can point to a man like our late illustrious President and defy anyone to find a flaw in his character. Spotless and pure, brave and tender, loving and true. What a noble soul!

It passes comprehension to think that such a man should fall by the hand of an ignorant brute. It fills one with such amazement that words fail to portray the loathing and disgust which fills one's mind when one pauses to reflect on the difference between the martyr and the murderer. The ways of the Almighty are inscrutable, and we creatures can but bow in submission to His infinite wisdom; but we are at least granted the sad privilege of mourning for our President and of praying for his afflicted wife.

His race is run. He has been called before the judgment seat, and who could more worthily answer the last call? The highest type of American manhood was exemplified by William McKinley. He died as he lived unfaltering and unflinching.

He has died, but he leaves behind an imperishable name. He now takes rank with the other two rulers of this nation who died by the assassin's hand, and with Lincoln and Garfield will his name remain enshrined in the heart of the country he fought to save, and which glories to call him a son.

He has fought the good fight, and has gone to his reward.

City Clerk Edward J. Donovan read the following:

Resolved, That the City Government of Boston learns with sorrow that William McKinley, President of the United States, is no longer among the living.

Resolved, That in that death of President McKinley we have sustained an irreparable loss, deeply felt by our City, our Country, and mankind.

Resolved, That we honor the public and private virtues of the deceased, his citizenship, his Americanism, his simplicity, and his faith.

Resolved, That the members of the City Government of Boston, collectively and individually, offer to the family of the late President their full sympathy in this sorrowful day of affliction.

The question came upon the passage of the resolutions: Aldermen George Holden Tinkham said:

Mr. Chairman, — America weeps; the Nations mourn; tearful sorrow stalks through the land; for McKinley the Good, McKinley the Brave, McKinley Our President, lies dead.

One more hero, one more martyr, one more President lies dead for his country and our homes. His life from Antietam has been one glorious service, one saintly sacrifice to his Country and its honor.

For Union he battled in '61; for what was highest and best and most enlightened he has fought since with a courage which has known no faltering, with a hand which could not tremble, with an eye which looked for inspiration to his God. Most beloved of the people, most sanctified in life, most heroic in danger, history's illustrious man, may thy soul rest in peace and the joy in the hereafter be past understanding.

Alderman Michael W. Norris said:

Mr Chairman and Gentlemen of the Board of Aldermen, — It is our sad duty to assemble here to-day to mourn for President William McKinley. We mourn for him as a man and a ruler. What words I can say will be of but little moment when the country is in the throes of an affliction which has not befallen her for many years, and, please God, may not occur at any time in the future. President McKinley dead at the hands of a most contemptible person! I cannot appreciate the enormity of this loss. It overwhelms me to think that such a man should be shot down while surrounded by loyal citizens who delighted to honor him, and were honored in turn by their choice of such a man as ruler of these United States. The pity of it! To think that a man of his noble character, his broad humanity and purity of thought, should be taken away from us when so many useless beings cumber the earth.

When history is written what a thrill will go through the veins of the young men of this country as they read of William McKinley. He is an ideal for coming generations of Americans. He exemplified in his career the broad spirit of the greatest country in the world — the United States of America. Such are the men who made this country what it is to-day, and when the heroic roll of American names is scanned in future ages the name of William McKinley will stand forth in letters of light with the proudest of them all.

It is futile to endeavor to convey in words the sympathy which we all feel in common for his devoted wife. God grant her the strength to bear the burden of his loss, and may He console her in her agony at the loss of her husband and her all, for such he has ever been to her.

When a mighty nation mourns for one of her sons, as this country now does, it is his proudest epitaph. Life is fleeting, but through the distant ages the story of William McKinley's life and death will shine as a guiding star for the countless children of this great country, and the world is better that William McKinley did live. What a model for emulation. Think of his domestic life. While such men live nations thrive. He fought for his country and eventually died for it.

I can say no more, but I feel as millions of my fellow-citizens do, and I know that the Lord in his infinite mercy and wisdom will reward one of the noblest men that ever trod His footstool.

Alderman Robert A. Jordan said:

Mr. Chairman, — We meet as representatives of the people of Boston, and speaking for the people of Boston, we sympathize with the President's family to-day, and we sympathize with the whole nation. Our sorrow is part of a universal sorrow. Every civilized nation in the world laments this sad event. It is only proper that Boston should do something in the coming few days to show outwardly her sorrow, and I do not think it amiss at this time to suggest that the business houses and homes of the citizens be properly draped with the insignia of mourning to show their sorrow and their sympathy. It seems to me that at the time set apart when the last sad rites are read over our beloved President that the places of business in this city should be closed, and all places of amusement should be closed. There is no need of saying words of praise of William McKinley. He is beloved by all. From the time, when as a boy, he went to the front to serve his country his career has been a noble one. He was an able and an honest lawyer. During his career as a representative of the people, and as President, he has always held the respect and honor of every citizen of this country. We sorrow to-day to think that he should have been stricken down by a foul murderer who was taking advantage of an opportunity when Mr. McKinley, with the full confidence of the love of his fellow-citizens, held out his hand to him. The City of Boston, Mr. Chairman, can only pay to the memory of William McKinley their whole respect, their utmost sympathy, and their entire love.

Alderman John L. Kelly said:

Mr. Chairman, — We are assembled for the purpose of taking solemn and appropriate action on the death of William McKinley, the President of the United States.

When the Executive Chief of our great nation is taken from us, by the dispensation of an infinite Providence, it is fitting that we should publicly express our appreciation of his services to the people, who loved and honored him. It is especially fitting when the character of the man in his domestic and social relations with his fellows, like that of William McKinley, lends additional lustre to his worth as a statesman and his loyalty as the representative of a sovereign people.

The occasion on which we are mournfully met to-day, has, however, a sadness, a terror and regret, distinct from the grief which is the common accompaniment of the death of those we love. Whatever the sting of dissolution, when it follows upon the inevitable encroachments of disease, common to all mortality; howsoever hard it may be to endure the decrees of the fate which ends our earthly efforts, there is usually the consolation that the calamity is universal in its nature, and we are accustomed to the form which the destroyer assumes for our undoing. But in the death of William McKinley we are trebly bereaved; we mourn the man, the husband, the kindly neighbor, the earnest and devoted citizen, the steadfast friend, the soul of honor in his relations with his fellow-men; we mourn as well the President, whose guiding brain and steadfast purpose were at the service of his nation in time of peace; who bared his breast to that nation's foes in time of war. But we also mourn that he should have been taken from us by the assassin's bullet, and we shrink in horror from the contemplation of the fact that out of the midst of the people, whom he loved and served, there should have come a dastard instrument of anarchy to strike a parricidal blow at him, our chief, at us, whose representative he was.

The resolutions were adopted by a unanimous rising vote.

Alderman Philip O'Brien offered an order — That the City Clerk be directed to transmit an engrossed copy of the resolutions adopted by the City Council this day, to the bereaved widow of William McKinley, President of the United States.

Passed. Sent down.

Alderman Joseph J. Norton offered an order — That a delegation from the City Government, consisting of the Mayor, the Chairman of the Board of Aldermen, and the President of the Common Council, be appointed to attend the obsequies of the late President of the United States.

Passed. Sent down.

Alderman Norton offered an order — That the Mayor cause the City Hall, Old State House, and Faneuil Hall to be appropriately draped, the flags to be displayed at half-mast upon the public buildings and in the squares for a period of thirty days, and the bells of the city to be tolled during the hour set apart for the funeral of the late President. The expenses to be charged to the appropriation for Reserve Fund.

Passed. Sent down.

On motion of Alderman Norris the vote whereby the Board adjourned at the last meeting to meet on Monday, September 16, was rescinded, and the Board voted, on motion of Alderman Norris, as a mark of respect to the memory of the late President, to meet on Monday, September 23, at 3 P.M., and all orders of notice for a prior date were postponed accordingly.

Adjourned at 12.58 P.M.

IN COMMON COUNCIL.

The Common Council was called to order by the President, a quorum being present. The Clerk read the call for the meeting, as printed above, and it was placed on file.

The Clerk read the message of His Honor the Mayor, as printed above, and it was placed on file.

The following papers were received from the Board of Aldermen :

(1.) *Resolved*, That the City Government learns with sorrow that William McKinley, President of the United States, is no longer among the living.

Resolved, That in the death of President McKinley we have sustained an irreparable loss, deeply felt by our city, our country and mankind.

Resolved, That we honor the public and private virtues of the deceased, his citizenship, his Americanism, his simplicity, and his faith.

Resolved, That the members of the City Government of Boston, collectively and individually, offer to the family of the late President their full sympathy in this sorrowful day of affliction.

The question came upon the passage of the resolutions.

Mr. Arthur W. Dolan of Ward 5 said:

Mr. President, — In the death of our beloved President I feel that we have suffered a loss which cannot be repaired. And when I say it is a loss which cannot be repaired, I do not mean to intimate that he will not be worthily and honorably succeeded in office; but rather to express the idea that the foulness of the deed will always live in the memory of his countrymen; that it will seem to pollute the atmosphere and to throw a pall over the greatest country in the world, which to-day is obliged to confess with shame and horror that it has within its limits a man who could commit such a cruel wrong.

I feel that it is perhaps the most shocking presidential assassination ever perpetrated in this country, even more shocking than that of Lincoln or that of Garfield, because of the conditions surrounding it, and because of the absolute lack of reason which led to it. Lincoln was assassinated thirty-six years ago, assassinated at a time when blood was running high, when the North and the South had just ceased their conflict, but when the thirst for blood engendered by the Civil War had barely been quenched, and when the South was still fomenting. He was assassinated when the strife was just closed and when the feelings of men were high. Garfield was assassinated about twenty years ago, assassinated by a man who had a real or fancied grievance — a supposed unsuccessful office-seeker. But William McKinley was assassinated in the twentieth century, in the days of the greatest enlightenment and progress which this country has ever seen — done to death before the eyes of a civilized and cultured populace, not for any wrong of his doing, not for any wrong that could be attributed to him, not for any act of his or of those associated with him, but simply to satisfy the thirst of a man who sought his blood because he had drunk in his inspiration at the fountain of carnage, the fountain of slaughter and anarchy as promulgated by a woman who believes in no order, no law, no government and no God. As I say, the assassination of President McKinley was the more horrible because it had not even the saving feature of personal hatred, but only that general hatred which extends, in the hearts of those men, to all things human and divine.

The people cry out, not for vengeance, because we are not anarchists, but for retribution. The people cry out for protecting laws which shall silence the tongues of those men and of those women, who I trust are few, who seek to do nothing but to compass the death of all that is good, all that is noble and all that is true. We cry out with grief at the loss of our noble President, a man who, by his ability, by his standing in office, and by his official acts, had taken rank among the foremost presidents of this country; a man who, by his own nature and his position, has taken rank as a nobleman and as one of nature's gentlemen; a man who, by his tender and unceasing devotion to an invalid wife, has endeared himself to the hearts of the populace and has given evidence of the tenderest feelings which man can have, of untiring

sacrifice, of noble nature and of noble deeds, and has endeared himself, as I say, to those who to-day stand, millions of them, with their heads bowed down with grief, and with sobbing voices cry, "Thy will be done."

Mr. Henry M. Wing of Ward 3 said:

Mr. President, — The nation's grief is best expressed by silence. There are no words in which to express the sorrow that has fallen upon our republic. At first, our human limitations prevent any adequate realization of the tragedy that has overwhelmed our beloved country and broken the heart of one of the noblest of women. But as we contemplate that dreadful calamity in solemn silence, little by little we shall come to realize better the full significance of the deed; our hearts will be chastened, and we shall be better men and better citizens in the thoughtful contemplation of the sacrifice which, for the third time in our history, has been made by the nation's highest citizen, the President of the United States.

Mr. Donald N. MacDonald of Ward 12 said:

Mr. President, — The tolling of the church bells and the display of the flags at half-mast have proclaimed throughout the land the sad news of the death of our beloved chief magistrate, William McKinley, casting the shadow of a national calamity over the whole country, touching every heart and bringing grief to every household.

For the second time within the brief period of a year the City Council has assembled within this chamber to voice the personal sentiment of each of its members and the sentiment of the citizens of Boston in a final tribute of affection and high esteem of the noble character and life of one of America's most illustrious men. The death of William McKinley, like that of Roger Wolcott, is a sad blow to the city and to the Commonwealth, a personal loss to all so mournful that no words can adequately express the keen and heartfelt sorrow. What the State experienced in the loss of its ex-governor, the whole country experiences now in the death of its President.

The sympathy of the world is to-day extended to the bereaved ones and to America and its people, the kindest words and thoughts are on every lip, the expression of sincere grief and veneration for the man, William McKinley.

I trust that the resolutions will be unanimously adopted.

Mr. Thomas D. Roberts of Ward 22 said:

Mr. President, — As has just been stated, the nation has once more been plunged into sorrow and grief by the dastardly hand and the cruel act of the assassin. That tired spirit that for the past week has lain on

that cot in the chamber at Buffalo, like a timid bird upon an open palm, has taken its flight. President McKinley has gone to his reward; and with him, I am sure, he carries the deepest sympathy and the highest regard of these great United States. In the loss of President McKinley, this nation has not only lost a Christian statesman, but a great and patriotic soldier, a loving and true husband, a devoted and cordial neighbor. I cannot but repeat what I said once before, when we were called together on an occasion when death had made itself felt in the ranks of this council, in reference to life. I was impressed more and more with that sentiment as I came up through the city to-day — as to life and its uncertainty. What is life? Life is but the breath we breathe; and we have no surety of the second gale. How frail, how fickle a tenement it is, it is like a glass that is broken ere the sand runs out. This is true of the humblest citizen in this great republic, as it was true of William McKinley. We have no assurance of life, and we know not when the brittle thread will break. We are held by a very slender thread at the best; but what makes it still more uncertain is the laxity of the law, in my opinion, which should control and govern such an act as that which has been perpetrated within the past few days upon the chief executive of this country. There should be not only national but state laws that would make impossible the repetition of such an act; and there should be a law that would exclude from the shores of this grand and noble country any man or any person who is tainted with such a principle as that which has been manifested on the part of this dastardly coward. The fault, it seems to me, lies, then, largely in the law. We have no law that is equal to this occasion, in the way of punishment. It is penalty that makes law. A law without a penalty is no law; and the sooner our Legislature in this country passes a penalty that shall be adequate to a deed of this kind, as I have said before, and which shall make its repetition impossible, the better. If anything was to be gained, Mr. President, by such an act, perhaps we should willingly bow the head and be submissive to it. But there is nothing to be gained by this. When a brave patriot takes his life in his hands and goes on to the battlefield and bares his breast to the bullet because of principle, because of something which he believes should be achieved by the act, then he is ready to lay his life down in order that he may manifest his spirit. But I tell you, Mr. President, and gentlemen of this council, I have never known, nor have you, nor has the oldest citizen alive to-day, a more despicable deed than this, because of the futility of it, because there is nothing in it to be accomplished.

I believe, Mr. President, that we should be like the worthy patriots of old, when stirred by act of an unfilial son like Absalom, when he rebelled against his father, the noble king of Israel, they showed their contempt for him, and to this day when a devout Jew passes the tomb of Absalom he casts a stone of contempt at the tomb. So should every loyal citizen of this country, regardless of the political faith which he may espouse, cast the stone of contempt at one and all who are tainted

with principles that will make, not only the life of the President of the United States insecure, but that of the humblest of this nation's citizens.

It is true sympathy which makes one feel another's burden as though it were his own. My sympathy goes out for the wife of our beloved President. I do not believe that God ever made a man in a mould and then broke the mould so that another should not be cast exactly like him. I believe William McKinley can be replaced perhaps satisfactorily in an executive way; but it will be hard to get one like William McKinley with all his virtues and all his attributes, a man as kind as he to the humblest of his fellow-citizens, a man who, to my mind, approached Him who was the greatest man that ever lived, and who spake as no man ever spake, willing to stand as mediator for the assassin that had stricken him down, and who said, "God forgive him; may he not be hurt." My sympathy goes out to that wife in her affliction. We may not know now, but in coming years, perhaps in a better land, we may read the meaning of those tears, and then we'll understand. It may appear a mysterious condition of things to us, looking at it from a human standpoint, but God knows best, and we leave it in His hands.

Mr. Henry S. Fitzgerald of Ward 6 said:

Mr. President, — It is with heartfelt sorrow that I rise here to-day to express my sincere grief and sorrow at the loss which the country has sustained in the death of our President. It was my very great privilege to meet President McKinley in Washington on two or three different occasions. His kindly manner and genial disposition endeared him to the American people. To his wife and family I extend my sincere sympathy, and I trust that they will bear up well under their great loss. We all join in the nation's loss.

Mr. Oliver F. Davenport of Ward 20 said:

Mr. President, — It is with the deepest sorrow, I believe, that we assemble here to-day to mourn the loss of a leader and statesman; to mourn the loss of a man who was elected to fill the highest position in the land. Surely, words are inadequate to properly express our deep regret that such a murderous attack should be made upon the life of our chief executive. As I saw the ovation which the people gave to the President as he crossed the grounds a week ago Wednesday afternoon, at the fair, I little thought that within forty-eight hours the man would be lying near the point of death from the murderous assault of such a foul villain. The life of the President has been of such great value, he has been so idolized by the people, has been held in such high respect, that it seemed impossible that any human being, or even a crawling creature, could wish for a moment to harm the man who was at the

head of the nation. And while we have assembled here to show our marks of deep respect and sorrow at such a lamentable event as that which has taken place, it is surely to be hoped that the people of his inner official and private family may be given strength and courage to bear up and to sustain the loss in which all the people share, joining them in sympathy and offering them their greatest respect and regard.

Mr. William B. Jackson of Ward 1 said:

Mr. President, — As representatives of the City of Boston, we gather here to-day to express our sense of loss and our respect for the memory of our departed President, and to extend our condolence to his immediate family. As we go about the streets and see the flag which he so nobly fought for, lowered at half-mast, that flag of glorious stars and stripes, which never yet has been lowered in defeat or sullied by dishonor, we realize that to-day it is lowered at the inexorable hand of death. But when the sunshine shall have dispelled the gloom and sorrow, that flag will again be raised over this country, shining with a brighter light because William McKinley lived and because William McKinley died. And that flag will strike terror to lawlessness and anarchy. Words are but feeble to express the sympathy which we feel for the dead President's family. Yet that is all we can do in the face of such a calamity as has fallen upon us.

Mr. William H. Nitz of Ward 22 said:

Mr. President, — It is with profound sorrow and in the shadow of a deep gloom we are assembled here to express the sympathy of the people of our district, city, state and country at the untimely death of our universally beloved President of this great nation of ours at the hands of a cowardly assassin.

Major William McKinley as president of the United States has endeared himself to his people, and throughout the wide world sorrow is sincerely manifested.

We have suffered an irreparable loss, and may the Almighty give strength to the bereaved wife and relatives and may He also guide this Nation of ours through this great affliction which has befallen upon it.

Mr. John E. L. Monaghan of Ward 13 said:

Mr. President, — Ward 13, which gave to our President's support at this last election the largest Republican vote cast in the history of the ward, to-day is draped in a shroud of mourning. From the time that the news first reached our city of this unfortunate occurrence at Buffalo, the people of Ward 13 have prayed fervently for the recovery of our chief magistrate. And when we learned this morning that another great name was added to the roll of our martyed presidents, political differ-

ences were abolished, and our ward was plunged in gloom. The people of Ward 13 wish to record their horror and contempt for the act of the anarchist who plunged a bullet into the body of the nation's chief executive and brought about his sorrowful and untimely end. We extend our sincere sympathy to the beloved wife in this hour of anguish. The people of Ward 13 recall with reverence the last and dying words of our president, so Christian-like, so noble, so replete with resignation and faith in the Almighty: "Good by, all; good by. It is God's way. His will be done." May his soul rest in eternal peace.

Mr. Andrew L. O'Toole of Ward 13 said:

Mr. President, — To-day the nation mourns the loss of President McKinley. Grief has entered into the house of every citizen in this land of ours. A just and upright ruler, an honored and patriotic citizen, has been removed from his post of duty by the bullet of an anarchistic assassin. As we look back on the life of President McKinley, we must note with a great deal of pride the great love he had for his country when, as a youth of eighteen summers, he volunteered his services and went to the front in defence of the nation. His war record was a great and glorious one. Returning, he entered upon civil and political life. His neighbors returned him time after time to Congress, and the people of the great state of Ohio honored him by selecting him as their governor. In all his political career he was marked by honest conviction and a sincere purpose to do the best that was in him.

He had exercised the principle of absolute and incorruptible honesty in all his dealings. But his greatest honor was still before him, when the Republicans selected him as their candidate for the office of President of the United States, and he was elected by an overwhelming majority. His administration was a hard and trying one. The war strain came upon the old ship of state, in the summer of 1898. Some of us may have differed with President McKinley on his colonial policy, and on other questions, but to-day all criticism is hushed, and we gather around, Democrats and Republicans, Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, and offer up our prayers to the throne of the Eternal Ruler of all Nations and pray Him that in His infinite goodness He may admit our beloved president into that realm of eternal peace and everlasting happiness where wars and tribulations are no more. We also pray Him to guide and direct the footsteps of our new President Roosevelt along the paths of righteousness and honor, peace and happiness so well marked out by his honored predecessor, that our country may advance to prosperity.

President Daniel J. Kiley said:

The chief executive of our great country, William McKinley, twenty-fourth President of the United States, and the third to

fall by the hand of an assassin is dead. The nation is called upon to mourn his loss. The City of Boston, ever patriotic, and ever loyal to the cause of liberty and to those who serve her interests, is called upon, through their representatives here in the Common Council, to testify their loyalty, their fidelity, their sympathy and their sorrow to him who has just departed. Born in 1843, we know of him only as a school-boy until 1861. When but eighteen years of age he first started out to do his share toward protecting, defending and maintaining the honor of the country, to which he has sacrified the most valuable years of his life. As a soldier, as a congressman, as a governor, as a president, he has given to this country a shining example of his honorable deeds and heroic acts. As a loving husband, and as a devoted lover of his household, we know of no man in public life in recent years who has been a more shining or better example of the most elevated American citizenship. Sad, indeed, it is that we should be called upon to meet here to-day to pass our resolutions of sympathy for him. He was loved by all of the American people, regardless of party, and regardless of politics. The character of the man was displayed most forcibly in the few words uttered by him a few moments after the murderous bullet struck his body. Still shocked by the event of that day, his noble disposition went out to the man who had committed that most cowardly assault.

The City of Boston mourns his loss, the people of the Common wealth of Massachusetts mourns his loss, and our hearts go out in deepest sympathy to the wife he has left behind. It was his last desire that the comfort of his friends should be given to her, whom he left an invalid. It was my proud privilege to meet both husband and wife upon the occasion of the presentation of colors to the 6th Regiment before its departure from this country to Manila. Upon that occasion I had an opportunity to see into the character of the woman who has been the helpmate and the wife of our most beloved President. Let us give her our deepest sympathy and our heartfelt condolence at this time.

The resolutions were passed in concurrence by a unanimous rising vote.

(2) *Ordered*, That a delegation from the City Government, consisting of the Mayor, the Chairman of the Board of Aldermen and the President of the Common Council, be appointed to attend the obsequies of the late President of the United States.

Passed in concurrence.

(3) *Ordered*, That the Mayor cause the City Hall, Old State House and Faneuil Hall to be appropriately draped, the flags to be displayed at half-mast upon the public buildings and in the squares for a period

of thirty days, and the bells of the city to be tolled during the hour set apart for the funeral of the late President. The expense to be charged to the appropriation for Reserve Fund.

Passed in concurrence.

(4) *Ordered*, That the City Clerk be directed to transmit an engrossed copy of the resolutions adopted by the City Council this day to the bereaved widow of William McKinley, late President of the United States.

Passed in concurrence.

Mr. Frank W. Thayer of Ward 20 offered an order: That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the late President of the United States, the Common Council do now adjourn.

Passed.

Adjourned at 1.40 P.M.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

Philip O'Brien

John Kelly

James R. Doyle
CHAIRMAN

COMMITTEE on McKINLEY MEMORIAL

ALDERMEN

Joseph I. Stewart

Timothy J. Foley

John F. Dever

Frank W. Thayer.

William M. Curls.

Patrick O'Shiels

George McGee.

Daniel J. Hiley.

Joseph E. Carter.

COMMITTEE on McKINLEY MEMORIAL

COUNCILMEN.

Marsh C. Bennett.

William L. White

COMMITTEE ON MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

ALDERMEN.

JAMES H. DOYLE, *Chairman.*

JOSEPH I. STEWART. PHILIP O'BRIEN.

E. PEABODY GERRY. JOHN L. KELLY.

COUNCILMEN.

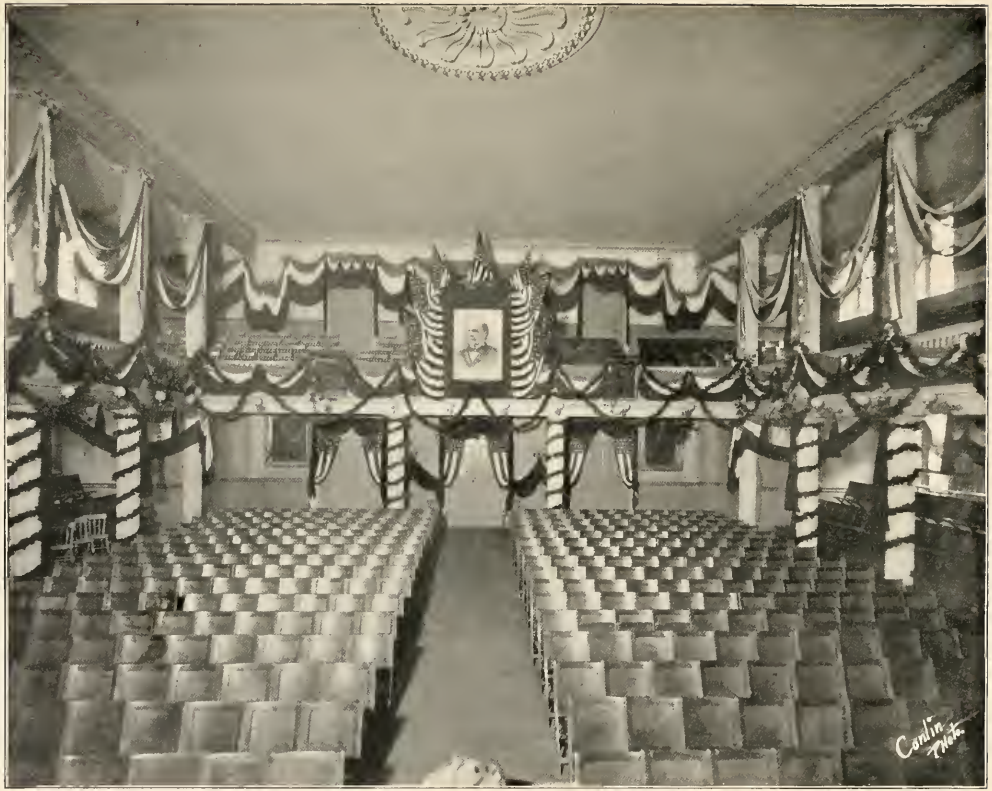
DANIEL J. KILEY. MARCH G. BENNETT.

WILLIAM L. WHITE. WILLIAM M. CURTIS.

JOSEPH F. CARTER. GEORGE MCKEE.

PATRICK J. SHIELS. FRANK W. THAYER.

Coulin
Photo


Conlin Photo

MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

The committee appointed to arrange for the Memorial Exercises fixed upon Tuesday evening, November 26, 1901, as the date, and Faneuil Hall as the place.

Hon. John L. Bates, Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, was selected to deliver the eulogy, and the Rev. Joseph H. Rockwell, S.J., of Boston College, was selected to open and close the exercises with a prayer and benediction.

The Apollo Club, a representative musical organization, having volunteered their services, furnished the musical part of the programme, in conjunction with the Boston Festival Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Emil Mollenhauer.

Official invitations were extended to His Excellency the Governor and the members of his staff, the Executive Council, the Judges of the various courts, the past Mayors of the City of Boston and the members of the City Council and heads of departments.

Illness having prevented the attendance of Mayor Hart, the Chairman of the Board of Aldermen, James H. Doyle, as Acting Mayor, presided over the exercises, which were opened at eight o'clock with an overture, "Egmont" (Beethoven), by the orchestra.

The Apollo Club then sang "Integer Vitæ," by Fleming, words by Charles J. Sprague, as follows:

Lord, now the hero's mortal wars are ended,
Where, in the conflict, 'twas Thy power defended,
Thy shield that guarded and Thy hand rewarded.
Conqu'ror, his cause was Thine.

Man judges man, the crown or chain disposing,
Groping in earthly shadows round him closing.
Lofty endeavor, truth to cull from error;
But judgment, Lord, is Thine.

Oh, may his spirit, now Thy peace possessing,
Dwell in the joy of Thy eternal blessing
In Heaven, all glorious; crowned by Thee victorious,
Safe in Thy love divine!

PRAYER.

Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Joseph H. Rockwell, S.J., as follows:

Before you unite with me in prayer for our people and for our country's welfare, I wish to say a word of introduction. One hundred years ago, in the year 1800, a prayer for the church and state authorities ascended to heaven from the lips of the patriot Archbishop of Baltimore, John Carroll.

That prayer went up to heaven from the altars of the colonies in the year 1800, and every year since its echo has been heard through the land, as the people have knelt before the altar of God praying for the shepherds of the church and for the rulers of the state. I feel that it will be particularly fitting to use a portion of that prayer as a conclusion to my petition this evening, both on account of the appropriateness of the prayer and on account of the character and position of him who composed it. John Carroll, as you know, was the first Bishop of the United States,

he was an ardent patriot, the intimate friend of Benjamin Franklin, the schoolmate and cousin of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the signer of the Declaration of Independence.

With this introduction, may I ask you to join with me in offering to God the message of our trust in Him, and the petition for His sustained protection.

We beseech Thee, loving Father, God of light, God of love, God of strength, look down with mercy upon this thy people. As little children, in our various griefs we come to Thee for comfort and support. We are Thy children, Thou art always our Father. Thou hast fashioned us, and we are thine. In our sorrows and doubts and necessities we turn to Thee, for we are weak, Thou art strong. Even though the emotions which agitate men's hearts be as fierce as a tempest, yet there is one whose voice the storms obey. Thou art He, who hast built the fabric of the universe: the waters and the lands are Thy handiwork. Thou art the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. From Thee we have come, to Thee we shall return, in Thee we shall repose on the calm sea of Thy love.

Come then, to thy people, and heal the heart-wound which the nation has received. Lawful authority is the very heart of a nation. The minister of Thy authority, O God, has been stricken down by an evil hand. Thou hast uttered this word by Thy Apostle Paul: "Let every soul be subject to higher powers;

for there is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God — For he is God's minister to thee for good." (Rom. xiii. 1.)

Our President, the minister, has been slain, our nation has been wounded. Thou O God, hast been insulted, for all lawful authority is from Thee.

So, in our threefold grief, for the outrage to our President, the injury to our nation, and the insult to Thee, we come to Thee, dear Father. We grieve and mourn for what has been done, we fear and tremble for our future safety, for evil stalks abroad in the night and menaces us. Men have wandered from the right way into darkness and error.

While our heads are bowed with grief, and our faces are pale with fear, we come to Thee, and we pray Thee that all our nation may turn to Thee and know Thee better, for there is no safety for men, but in Thee.

Thou art the way, only by following Thee in religion and godliness can nations go forth in honor, integrity and true glory.

Thou art the truth, and only from the precepts of Thy lips can men learn the way of national honor and justice.

Thou art the life, and only by obedience to Thy laws can nations live a peaceful life.

We pray Thee above all to make of this people a godly nation, by a living faith and unwavering hope

in Thee, to teach us all the true ways of godliness in obedience and justice and uprightness.

We beseech Thee, O Lord to solace and comfort the heart of her who was nearest to our departed President, to give her peace of heart, in the hope of a blessed immortality. We also beseech Thee to strengthen and stimulate to noble deeds those who grieve most in his loss, those who have known him and loved him as a friend.

We pray Thee, O God of might, wisdom and justice, through whom authority is rightly administered, laws are enacted, and judgment decreed, assist with Thy Holy Spirit of counsel and fortitude the President of these United States, that his administration may be conducted in righteousness, and be eminently useful to Thy people, over whom he presides, by encouraging due respect for virtue and religion, by a faithful execution of the laws in justice and mercy, and by restraining vice and immorality. Let the light of Thy divine wisdom direct the deliberations of Congress, and shine forth in all the proceedings and laws framed for our rule and government; so that they may tend to the preservation of peace, the promotion of national happiness, the increase of industry, sobriety and useful knowledge, and may perpetuate to us the blessings of equal liberty.

We pray for his Excellency, the Governor of this State, for the members of the Assembly, for all

Judges and Magistrates, for the Mayor of our city and for all the officers who are appointed to guard our political welfare; that they may be enabled by Thy powerful protection, to discharge the duties of their respective stations with honesty and ability.

We recommend likewise to Thy unbounded mercy all our fellow-citizens, throughout the United States, that they may be blessed in the knowledge, and sanctified in the observance of Thy most holy law; that they may be preserved in union, and in that peace which the world cannot give, and after enjoying the blessings of this life, be admitted to those which are eternal in a place of refreshment, light and everlasting peace.

The Apollo Club then sang "The Long Day Closes" (Sullivan), as follows:

No star is o'er the lake
  Its pale watch keeping;
The moon is half awake,
  Through gray mist creeping:
The last red leaves fall round
  The porch of roses;
The clock hath ceased to sound:
  The long day closes.

Sit by the silent hearth,
  In calm endeavor
To count the sounds of mirth,
  Now dumb forever.

Heed not how hope believes,
And fate disposes;
Shadow is round the eaves:
The long day closes.

The lighted windows dim
Are fading slowly;
The fire that was so trim
Now quivers lowly.
Go to the dreamless bed
Where grief reposes;
The book of toil is read:
The long day closes.

Acting Mayor Doyle then introduced Lieutenant-Governor John L. Bates who delivered the following eulogy:

EULOGY

BY

JOHN L. BATES.

EULOGY.

Mr. Chairman, Fellow-Citizens:

To this hall the people of Boston have come when deeply moved. Here have they paid loving tribute to the memory of large souls. On the 6th of September last a pistol shot, fired in Buffalo, stirred the world. On the 14th of September, as the result of that shot, William McKinley died. Boston loved him, and to-night, by the official action of her City Government, she devotes the hour to the contemplation of his services and his virtues.

There are two classes of anarchists. Both teach that all government is bad, and that individuals need but to be freed from all restraint to enter upon better conditions of life. One class would accomplish its end solely through peaceful methods; it believes in non-resistance. The other would accomplish its ends by force; it would strike and slay until the whole world is revolutionized and the institutions of men entirely changed. To become a believer in this class one must first descend to a lower level than that of the brute creation. He must become insensible to

ties of family and of kindred, to ties of society and of country. He must become an enemy of his race and of his God. Such an one there was at the Exposition at Buffalo on the 6th of September.

We have been too tolerant. We had had warnings. We had seen the representatives of the law cruelly murdered in the Haymarket riots in Chicago. We had learned how in our land the plot had been made, and how from our shores the murderer had sailed, to assassinate the King of Italy. These things had aroused us, but we had not dealt with the evil. We had not purged the land. Soon we slept again.

What has not our country done for mankind? Who can hope for his brother, except through its preservation? Who of the unfortunate and oppressed, but look to it for help? When America was born, what great nation was there where men governed themselves? In what country were the rights of men secure? In what country were the people housed and fed, and their children educated? None. There was ignorance, superstition, degradation, poverty, and want everywhere. All this has been changed. The conditions of liberty, which have followed in the wake of America, have been fruitful of whatever has added to the comfort of the human race. The era of invention did not come until after the era of political liberty. A hundred years ago men were content to plough with the same device that they had used for six thousand years. The

horse, or the ox, was the locomotive; the stage was the parlor car; the tallow candle was the electric light; the wind-mill and water wheel, the only engines of power. But where this terrible deed was done, all that the assassin saw on every hand indicated the prosperity, the comfort of men. The Exposition pictured the fraternal brotherhood of America, and its ten thousand exhibits revealed the comforts and the pleasures now enjoyed by all, but not permitted to kings in former times. All about were the revolving wheel, the hoarse breathing of the engine, and the myriad revolutions of the motor, showing that the burden that had rested forever in the past upon the back of man was being placed upon the back, whose bones are iron, and whose sinews are steel. Every invention, every product of tropical and of temperate zone, every article of manufacture, every statue, showed how the freedom of America was contributing to the uplifting of the human race. Yet, amid those surroundings, where joy was in every man's heart, save one, and as the great President was kindly extending his hand in greeting, the dastardly crime — most cowardly, most unprovoked, most senseless — was done.

America must not forget this lesson; there must be no repetition of this event. Devotion to free speech, and to political liberty must not be made a cloak for riot, rapine, and murder. Human beasts, seeking to prey upon mankind, and all its institu-

tions, must not be permitted to enter here, or here to spread their treasonable doctrines.

> "Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
> And through them presses a wild motley throng —
> Men from the Volga, and the Tartar steppes,
> Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,
> Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt and Slav,
> Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn:
> These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,
> Those tiger passions, here to stretch their claws.
> O, Liberty, White Goddess! is it well
> To leave thy gate unguarded! On thy breast
> Fold sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,
> Lift the down-trodden, but with hand of steel
> Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
> To waste the gifts of freedom."

Ours is a land in which have been erected no artificial barriers of class or lineage. We judge a man not by his ancestry, but the ancestry by the man. James McKinley, when twelve years old, in the early part of the last century, came with his relatives to America, and settled in Pennsylvania, and his son, in the fourth generation, was William McKinley, the President. James, the immigrant, came from the North of Ireland, and his ancestors from the Highlands of Scotland. The line is more or less distinctly traced back to Duncan Macduff, the Earl of Fife, who was born about the year one thousand, and who was a patriot, a foe to tyrants, and the slayer of the usurper, Macbeth.

The mother of the President was of both English and German descent. But for several generations, the President's ancestors had had the environment of this new world, and he was neither Scotch, nor Irish, nor English, nor German. He was an American. A member of a new race, a race built on all the old, and strongly characterized by the persistence in it of those best qualities that have distinguished the various races from which it has come.

William McKinley was born in the town of Niles, in the State of Ohio, on the 29th day of January, 1843. His father and grandfather were iron founders. His mother was a farmer's daughter, and he was the seventh child in the family. His boyhood was spent in Niles, and in the not distant town of Poland, to which place his parents removed that their children might have better opportunities for education. There are several persons still living in Poland, who remember the President as a boy, and tell us he was a "black-haired, grave-faced, robust and manly little chap," who was fond of boyish sports, and also fond of his studies. His surroundings and advantages were that of the average American boy of his time. His father found it no easy matter, yet he succeeded in providing for the large family. He was a devout and patriotic man. His mother was a woman of great ability, devoted to her children, sanguine and cheerful in temperament. One who knew her well in

after years said that her pride seemed to be not so much in the fact that her boy was President, as in the fact that he was a man of integrity and honor. Americans owe much to the comparatively unknown parents of their heroes, whose self-sacrifice and faithful training has made possible the illustrious careers which have honored the nation. McKinley's father lived to see his boy Governor of Ohio. His mother lived to see him President of the United States. They bequeathed him no fortune, but that which was better, the memory of lives without reproach. Had he not been honest, straight-forward, persevering, and of rugged integrity, he would not have been like them, for they were all of these, and by precept and example they taught their children industry, self-reliance, honor, patriotism, and religion.

The President was educated in the public schools of Niles and Poland, and in the Poland Academy. At sixteen years of age he entered the Junior class of Allegheny College, in Meadville, Pennsylvania. His health failed him, and he found it necessary to leave. It seems to have been his plan to regain his health, and, at the same time, by teaching school, earn the money with which to complete his college education.

But great events were transpiring. Guns were fired at Fort Sumpter, and the plans of a million young men were shattered. McKinley's plans went

with the rest. Before the echos of the bronze-mouthed heralds of treason, at Charleston, had ceased their reverberations, the young American manhood of the North was stripping for the fight. A century before, David McKinley, great grandfather of the President, had shouldered a musket, and for two years served in the American Army, when the Colonists were breaking the yoke of the mother country. The record of his career is brief, but eloquent, for it reveals the fact that he enlisted eight times. Andrew Rose, Jr., was the President's great grandfather, on his mother's side. He was a descendant of those who had come to America for Liberty. He fought on many a battlefield in the Revolution, and when not fighting was employing his talents and genius in the manufacture of cannon and ball for the Continental Army. A generation later James McKinley, grandfather of the President, was in arms against Old England, in the War of 1812, and a brave participant in that struggle. With these facts in mind we are not surprised to learn that in the Old Sparrow House, at Poland, when the impassioned orator on one day in June, 1861, pointed to the flag, and asked, who was there who would defend it, William McKinley, grandson of James, who fought under William Henry Harrison at Tippecanoe, great grandson of David, who was wounded in the Revolution, great grandson of Rose, who fought in the battle of Monmouth — William McKinley, descendant

of the Puritan who fled from England for conscience sake, descendant of the old Covenanter, who cared for neither "King nor Devil" — William McKinley was of those who stepped forward modestly, and said he was "ready."

It was a musket, and not a sword, with which he drilled on Poland Green. Eighteen years of age, slim in figure, thoughtful and serious, with a light gray eye kindling into expression with kindliness and determination, he joined in the greatest struggle, the most costly, the most terrible, and the most momentous to be found in the pages of history. Its horrors and its carnage were fitting obsequies for the burial of slavery; its terrific contests fitting accompaniment of the new birth of a great nation. General Fremont, who mustered in the recruits, remarked, as he looked at McKinley, "You'll do." These words were prophetic. He of whom they were spoken proved them true in every duty of life.

The Twenty-third Ohio was a famous regiment. It was the first of the Ohio regiments to enlist for three years. It had among its officers those who subsequently acquired great distinction — Judge Mathews, President Hayes, General Rosecrans — but the private in Company E was destined to outrank them all in fame. Of the million men who served in the Union Army, he was to be the first if not the only private to occupy afterward the position of President of the United States. He did not seek an officer's

commission. He obeyed orders, and, for fourteen months, carried a musket. When the 19th of September, 1862, came, and Antietam was written on history's page in letters of blood, promotion came to him for conspicuous bravery, and later, in 1864, when a regiment had been saved to the Union Army through his signal courage, he was made a Captain. On the 13th of March, 1865, he received from President Lincoln a commission, brevetting him a Major, "for gallant and meritorious service at the battles of Opequan, Cedar Creek and Fisher Hill."

When the war was over, McKinley, twenty-one years of age, had neither trade nor profession. Precious years that other young men had been spending on their education in college, he had given to his country in the school of arms. As the result of his military record, the opportunity for a life of comparative ease in the regular army seemed open to him, but it was not attractive, and he returned to his home and began the study of law. To it he devoted his best energies, and was admitted to the bar in 1867.

Poland, with its 400 inhabitants, furnished no field for an ambitious young lawyer. Canton was not far away. It was the home of the sister who had aided him much in his preparation for his profession, and had 5,000 inhabitants. There business and trade thrived. McKinley went to Canton, and there, beloved by all its citizens, he made his home to the time of his death. It was not long before he was

recognized as a conservative counsellor, an able and successful advocate.

"You are the only man I have ever known to whom I would entrust my daughter," said James Saxton, when William McKinley revealed to him his heart. That was thirty years ago. Saxton made no mistake; neither did McKinley. "It was the best suit that I ever won," he afterwards declared. Ida Saxton had been the belle of Canton. Beautiful in person, educated in schools at home and by travelling abroad, trained to business methods as cashier in her father's bank, she was fitted to grace the home at Canton and the White House. The courtship of this couple did not end with marriage, but continued through the years of McKinley's busy life. Her health had been impaired by the bereavement that came upon her in the loss of her little ones, but this fact only gave opportunity for the more frequent revelation of the husband's tender solicitude and love. No duty of state ever caused him to neglect his duty to her. The nation cannot forget his example when, abandoning the journey of triumph in the West, he turned a deaf ear to the cheers of the people that he might watch by her bedside, and it was for her that his first care was manifested when, stricken down at Buffalo, he said to his secretary, "Be careful how you tell Mrs. McKinley."

His affection for his mother was equally noticeable to the day of her death, and the people of Canton

found yet another reason for honoring the son when they observed that, while the Governor of Ohio, it was his custom to leave the Capitol of the State every Sunday and visit Canton that he might accompany her to church.

It is quite evident that, although participating in public affairs from the beginning, he did not select his place of residence with the view of entering public life, for the city and the county were strongly Democratic. Yet, within two years, the Republicans nominated him for District Attorney, although with no expectation of his election. The soldier-lawyer, however, entered into a vigorous contest with his political opponent, was elected, and for the term of two years discharged the duties of the office in a manner that gave satisfaction to all the law-abiding citizens of the county and added to his reputation as a lawyer. He was renominated, but his political enemies were alert, and this time they succeeded in compassing his defeat. He had made a creditable showing, however, and was content for five years to devote himself to his law office, in the meantime participating much in political discussions. In 1876, after an active canvas, he was nominated for Congress. The district was regarded as a close one, but he defeated the Democratic candidate, winning by a majority of over three thousand votes. It was in this year that President Hayes was elected, and when McKinley, at the age of thirty-four, one of the youngest men in Congress, went to Washington to

begin his legislative career, he found in the White House as President the one on whose staff he had served in the war. The mutual feeling of respect and love formed amid the tempest of battle had never diminished. With only a slight break, when he was unseated on a recount, McKinley was an active member of Congress from 1877 to 1890.

His fame as a protectionist tended to give the impression that his activities were confined to that subject, but the most hasty survey of his work in Congress shows the contrary. During the uncomfortable days of the Hayes administration, when the North and South were still far from friendly, he was one of the advocates for the protection of the ballot at any cost, urging that the law for supervisors at national elections could have no terror save for the law-breakers.

His experience had made him the warm friend of the soldier. He was ready for his defence when attacked, and efficient in securing legislation for his assistance. He argued that the bounty of the government was due to the soldier, and the obligation upon the country great to provide for him.

He was among the stanchest supporters of Speaker Reed in his famous ruling on the question of a quorum, a question not without importance, and one whose decision at that time had far-reaching and beneficent results. He believed that when a constitutional majority was present in the House it should be counted as

present for the purpose of making a quorum, whether or not those present responded to their names when the roll was called. He was unwilling that the fiction should longer continue that members who were actually present in their seats should be constructively declared absent.

He defended the Civil Service laws, and did not give his assent merely that he might be in harmony with the platform of his party. With him it was a matter of his country's welfare. When the law was attacked he declared that the Republican party must take no backward step, and called upon it to correct defects if any existed, and to recognize that the merit system had come to stay.

He was a warm friend of laboring men, was thoroughly familiar with their history, knew their hours of labor in every industry, and their advantage or disadvantage as compared with the laborers of other lands. He believed in the arbitration of disputes between labor and capital, and did what he could to promote it, asserting that the principle was in accord with the best thought and sentiment of mankind, and urging it in the interest of peace, good order, justice and fair play. He advocated the eight-hour law, because he believed it would "improve the stamina of the people," and he called on Congress to take favorable action thereon as an example to the states of the Union. His addresses to workingmen were full, not of the superficial politic statements of the dema-

gogue, but of earnest patriotism, setting forth the dignity of labor and the privileges of citizenship. "Workingmen of Chicago," said he "have confidence in the strength of our free institutions and believe in the justice of your fellow-citizens."

But it was his study of tariff laws and industries that more than all else caused his political advancement. He recognized that valuable service could be rendered only by those who had superior knowledge of the matter upon which they would give advice. He aspired to be thorough master of a few things, rather than to be possessed of a "whole arsenal of half-mastered and half-matured things."

He lived in a manufacturing city, and had been a keen observer. The first time he addressed the House of Representatives he presented a petition from the iron manufacturers of his district, and his first speech on the tariff, on April 15, 1878, had the attention of the House. Mr. Blaine, in his "Twenty Years in Congress," says that he "was soon recognized as one of the most thorough statisticians, and one of the ablest defenders of the doctrine of protection." President Harrison, in the tariff campaign of 1888, declared in reference to him, that "no man more than he is familiar with the questions that now engage public thought; no man is more able than he lucidly to set them before the people." Through the influence of General Garfield he was placed on the Committee on Ways

and Means, and Judge Kelley, the sturdy advocate of protection, saw in him a fitting successor, and expressed the hope that when he himself was no longer chairman he might be succeeded by McKinley; and so, in 1889, realizing that his own enfeebled condition rendered him less fit to bear the brunt of the battle, he gladly yielded the position, knowing that Speaker Reed, not only because of merit, but also in accordance with custom, would appoint McKinley to the important place, as the one who had been his foremost rival for the speakership. Hamilton and Clay had advocated protection as the policy best for the times. McKinley advocated it as the best for all times. He made it a foremost issue before the country. No tariff bill was discussed during the fourteen years of his congressional life that he did not oppose or champion. He had no faith in legislation that did not deal with each interest separately on its merits; hence to him an attempt at a horizontal reduction was "the invention of indolence." His whole tariff platform was summed up in the words: "The opposition favors a tariff for revenue, with incidental protection, but I prefer a tariff for protection with incidental revenue." The so-called McKinley bill of 1890, reported by him as Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, was framed on this basis. It had the opposition of such giants of the legislative forum as Carlisle and Mills, but McKinley was triumphant. The amendment pro-

viding for reciprocity, of which Blaine was the author, had the hearty support of McKinley, and foreshadowed his attitude on that subject as so strikingly expressed the day before the attempt upon his life, in his address at Buffalo. This bill became a law, and its enactment caused rapid changes in political conditions throughout the country.

McKinley's triumph seemed of short duration. His protection views had made enemies as well as friends. His district had been changed in such a manner as to make his re-election to Congress a seeming impossibility. Yet, he was defeated by only three hundred votes. His enemies were jubilant, but his party recognized that he had shown great strength under adverse circumstances, and it nominated him for Governor of the State of Ohio, and he was elected. His term of office was marked by wise endeavor to secure an economical and honest administration of the public service. Particular interest was shown by him in the management of the public institutions. Through his recommendation the State Board of Arbitration was established. His personal efforts accomplished much for the relief of the miners suffering from want in the Hocking Valley. He appointed practical men as heads of the great departments, was firm against the gerrymandering of the State for political purposes, and promptly ordered out the militia for the protection of a prisoner threatened by an excited mob of lynchers.

His honorable conduct under the trying circumstances attending financial reverses raised him to a still higher place in the public favor and, together with his efficient administration, resulted in his re-election by the largest majority ever given to a candidate in Ohio.

A wider field for his activities was opening. The repeal of the McKinley high tariff, followed by the enactment of the Wilson low tariff bill, had not had the effect anticipated by those who advocated the change. The country had not become more prosperous, but, on the contrary, was suffering from great depression in business. There were armies of unemployed, factories were closed, trade was slack, destitution and want existed in many places, the nation's revenues did not equal the current expenses, and people were beginning to question whether or not the logic of the champion of the McKinley Bill had not after all been right; whether or not they would have had all their present troubles if that measure had had opportunity to show what results it could produce. It was natural, therefore, for them to turn to McKinley as one to whom they were ready to entrust the guidance of the affairs of the nation. His nomination by the Republicans was certain far in advance of the convention and after an exciting campaign he was elected.

Two issues had divided the country — the protective tariff and the gold standard. McKinley's election

meant the restoration of the one and the maintenance of the other. Two days after his inauguration, he called Congress to meet in extra session on the fifteenth of March, and on that date he sent to it a message calling on it to provide without delay revenues for the expenses of the government, and urging that those revenues be so raised as to preserve as far as possible the home market for the home producers. The result was the Dingley Tariff Bill, that became a law in less time than any previous tariff measure since the days of Washington. The day that it was signed, June 24, the President, having redeemed his promise to restore the protective tariff, sent a message to Congress in fulfilment of the second great promise made in the campaign, namely, to keep the currency stable in value, and equal to that of the most advanced nation of the world; and that necessary changes might be made for the simplification and strengthening of the banking and currency laws, he recommended the appointment of a commission to consider the whole subject. Again in his first and second annual messages he urged the action of Congress on the same line, and particularly pointed out the weakness resulting from the fact that the currency liabilities of the country, redeemable in gold, could again be paid out from the treasury and again be presented by the public for redemption, thus resulting in the "endless chain," and draining the Treasury of its gold reserves. He recommended that

when any United States notes are redeemed in gold, such notes shall be kept and set apart, and paid out in exchange only for gold. This recommendation was adopted in the financial law of 1900, by which also the gold standard was re-established.

McKinley had been proclaimed in the campaign of 1896 as "the advance agent of prosperity." It is certain that his election restored confidence to the business world, and the passage of the tariff and currency measures of his administration was followed by years of prosperity unequalled in the history of the country.

But it was the war with Spain that gave birth to policies and determined courses that will render the administration of President McKinley ever one of greatest interest. It marks a turning point in history. McKinley was thorough. The nation has had no man in its highest office who was more thorough in his mastery of principles, theories, facts and details. This element in his character brought him success as a lawyer, and made him the foremost champion of protection in the country. It was this same characteristic that caused him, when the nation was angry and hot for war with Spain, to delay the momentous decision until, in the forum of the world, his course was justified, and until his information was complete and the preparedness of America sufficient to insure success. Manila Bay and Santiago, sea fights more strange than fiction, with results bordering upon the miraculous, revealed not only the training

and courage of American officers, the energy, zeal and patriotism of the men behind the guns, but also the wonderful foresight and the admiration-challenging wisdom of President McKinley and those he had called to participate in the councils of the government. Marvellous exhibitions of heroism not on the sea alone, but on the land as well, made the era forever brilliant, and American youth to the latest generations will gather inspiration from reading the story of Dewey who made it impossible for foreign arrogance to ever again pass the Stars and Stripes "without seeing them"; of Captain Philip and his magnanimous words in the hour of victory, "Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are dying": of Hobson and his heroes calmly steaming into the jaws of death; of Roosevelt and his impetuous Rough Riders irresistibly storming hill and block-house. These brilliant deeds belong to McKinley's administration, and, as the Commander-in-Chief is held responsible for the defeats and disasters that befall those who serve under him, so is he entitled to share in the fame and glory of their achievements.

Yet, it is not because of these that McKinley's administration marks the beginning of a new era. It is because of America's expansion in territory, and in world influence. When the war began the domain of our banner stopped three miles from the shore on the east and the west. Now it protects Cuba; it covers Porto Rico, Guam, Tutuila, Hawaii, and the Philippines. Then, apart from trade and barter, the world assumed that American interests extended not beyond

the American continent, and that the Monroe Doctrine, that pledged our hostility to every attempt on the part of any nation of Europe to gain a further foothold in the New World, carried with it as its corollary the proposition that America would not concern herself in the affairs of the Old. But now there are ten millions of Filipinos for whose welfare we are responsible. China continues on the political map as an undivided country, through our influence. America has expanded, and not only occupies a place at the council table of nations, but in the growing light of the dawn of her international greatness she seems to be at the head of the table. Too little time has intervened for the world to agree as to the wisdom of this great change in national policy, but none today questions the motives of the president responsible for it.

He was not ambitious to extend American territory. He did not desire that the American people should become a ruler over less favored peoples. He showed in his dealing with the Chinese question that he did not consider sovereignty as essential for the trade interests of the United States. He had directed every effort to prevent the war with honor, but the American people had by their attitude declared it. Convinced that it was inevitable and just he entered into it determined to use every effort to compel Spain speedily to seek peace. It was the avowed object of the United States to stop crimes against humanity in the Island of Cuba, and to make the future of that

island secure by obtaining for it independence. But the consequences of the struggle no one could foresee. That the object of America might be accomplished, it was necessary to strike her antagonist wherever there was an opportunity to deliver a decisive blow, and thus, when the war closed, it was found that the United States was as much in possession of the Philippines as of Cuba, and that the dictates of humanity, which urged the championship of the cause of the Cubans, equally urged the championship of the cause of the inhabitants of the Philippines. The treaty was signed, and to the United States was ceded the sovereignty of those distant eastern islands. The welfare of their inhabitants must be secured either through government on the part of the United States, or through a home government. There was no other alternative. President McKinley, acting upon the information and advice of as well-informed and as disinterested men as could be found decided that the inhabitants of the Philippines were not equal to the task of governing themselves, and so he kept our flag there. Thus these islands were prevented from becoming a prey to other nations; thus they were prevented from becoming a source of contention that might easily have involved great nations in arms; thus they were prevented from becoming victims of the disorder that was sure to result from the attempt of an ill-prepared people to maintain a government for themselves; thus, the

peace of the world, the welfare of the Filipinos, and the obligations of the United States were secured by the President.

It is unpleasant to recall that not only his policy but his motives were attacked in language severe and scurrilous; that for doing the right, "as God gave him to see the right," he was called "recreant to American principles," "usurper," "traitor." No men were more vilified in their lifetime than Washington, Lincoln, Grant and McKinley, but all men unite in loving tribute to their memories. The sequence of events justified the first three as it will surely justify, aye, has already justified, the last.

In 1900 he was reëlected President by the largest popular majority ever given a candidate for that office. This expression of the people's good-will was a source of great gratification to him. It was for them he had devoted his best thought and energy. He had sought to win their love, and he had succeeded. On his journey through the South and West, after his inauguration, he was the recipient of a continuing ovation. He saw evidence that the country had not had such an era of good feeling since the early days of the republic. Much of their prosperity the people attributed to his wise administration. They hailed him not only as President, but as a benefactor.

He went to Buffalo to greet all America. He spoke with power. Without wavering in his belief in the system of protection, he showed how the

principles of reciprocity harmonized with it, and urged it in the interests of the United States and of fraternity among nations. With no presentiment of the tragedy so soon to be enacted he closed his speech with the benediction:

"Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and the powers of earth."

The week McKinley lay between life and death did not make him greater, but it revealed him. Those who had questioned his motives recognized that they had misjudged the man, and, after his death, in sorrow they endeavored, by well-sounding praise, to make amends, but — McKinley was dead. Shall this lesson be lost? Or shall it teach American journalists and statesmen, American citizens of every class, the wisdom of that charity that is tolerant of the opinions of others?

McKinley was not a genius in the commonly accepted interpretation of that term. He did not, nor did his friends for him, claim the possession of talents of startling brilliancy; he believed in no success except such as attended effort. He did not believe in fortune. "Luck," he said, "will not last, young man; it may help you, but you cannot count upon it. Labor is the only key to opportunity." He acted on this precept, and probably averaged as many hours of labor as any man in the country.

He was one of the most amiable of men, and this amiability was sometimes misinterpreted as weakness. His physical courage had been shown in war, and his moral courage demonstrated in peace, but perhaps never more conspicuously than by his calm demeanor when, although bitterly assailed, he pursued to the end the course that he had determined upon in the Philippines. Gentleness and courtesy are not indications of weakness, but of strength. McKinley's amiability, his consideration for all with whom he came in contact, never led him to be recreant to the principles in which he believed, or to a duty he was called upon to perform.

He possessed tact. No small portion of his success was due to his ability to deal with men. He could refuse a request in such a way as not to offend, but rather to strengthen the regard for him of the one whose request had been denied.

He was responsive to public opinion. He was a public servant. He recognized that he, William McKinley, might err in judgment, and the results be grievous to those whom he desired to serve. Hence, his endeavor to keep in touch with the public, that he might revise or correct his own opinion if wrong, or, if right, that he might bring the people to the adoption of his views and thus ensure the success of his policy. It was not to serve himself, or to substitute his individual will or opinion for that of the American nation, that he held office. He recognized that

the people had a right to discuss and to shape the policies of their country — he believed in the people. Invested with power by them, he did not seek to take advantage of it to force them unwillingly along the lines of policies to which they were hostile. He recognized that from the vantage ground of his position he was better informed and better able to judge as to the expediency or wisdom of many measures than those whose opportunities for information were more limited, but that did not cause him to expect their blind following. Hence, when convinced as to the proper course to be pursued, he took his countrymen into his confidence. He desired for his policies their endorsement, but there is not an instance on record where he swerved a hair's breadth from the line of policy dictated to him by his conscience.

He was able to judge men. The administration of the Executive Department under him was thoroughly systematized. He selected the ablest men that he could find — men in whom he had confidence. He placed responsibility upon them. They knew that he held them accountable. By his ability to make use of their talents he was enabled to discharge with great rapidity the increasing volume of public business.

He was a partisan. He believed that, in a representative government, the greatest safeguard of the people's liberties was to be found in political parties, that, with jealous eye, watch each other, and whose only hope of success is through winning the

respect of the majority of the electors. He believed parties should make their contests for principles, and not for offices. His partisanship had its beginning and its end in patriotism, and there was no room in his platform for the degrading, non-American and dangerous ideas of those who place the party first and make the welfare of the city, state or nation secondary to it.

He exhibited the power of the great orator. There were others more eloquent, but there were few more convincing. He could clothe the dry schedules of the tariff with attractiveness and beauty; his voice could hold the members of Congress in their seats as very few have been able to do during the present generation. He showed the greatest power of endurance. Others may have made as many addresses, but each of McKinley's contained something of value. In the National campaign of 1894 he made three hundred and seventy-one speeches, and travelled more than ten thousand miles. For eight weeks of this time he averaged seven speeches a day.

His public and private life were without stain, and his ambition never led him to seek preferment by questionable methods. He would not win the prize, if to do so, he must tolerate practices that robbed it of its true worth. He had not only rather be "right than to be president," but he would not have the Presidency unless it came to him in such

a way that no one could question the steps by which it was attained. There were things he would "not do even to be President."

I was in Buffalo. It was night. The Exposition City, crowded with tens of thousands of guests, could not sleep. The scene was wild, the streets were filled with people. They seemed neither on pleasure nor on business bent. They stood and talked in groups, and went here and there, back and forth. There was no harmony; all was discord. Some great thing was wrong. Twelve o'clock, one o'clock, two o'clock came, and still the streets were thronged. Then there came the rushing footsteps of the newsboys, and their cries reached my window, "McKinley is dead! McKinley is dead!" He had held the highest place among men, had been the brilliant administrator of a great nation's affairs, had been consulted in the congress of nations, had marked out the policies of the Old and the New World, had been Commander-in-Chief of the army that overthrew the tyranny of an ancient and proud kingdom, had uplifted the down-trodden, was the beloved of eighty million of his countrymen. Moses died on the mountain with the promised land in sight. The pistol shot dulled forever the ears of the great Lincoln as the cries of victory rose triumphant in the North. The assassin's bullet loosed the kindly soul of the loved McKinley when, with prophetic vision, he was urging an era of fraternity and of peace.

"McKinley is dead!" cried the newsboys, and I look across the prairie to the great city by the lake, and I see amid the noise of traffic a motley crowd of men and women of all nationalities, of all pursuits, rich and poor, high and low, the humble and the proud, gathered about the bulletin. They read, "McKinley is dead." They bare their heads, and, amid the falling rain, their lips break into Christian prayer and song. I hear the clicking of the telegraph, and it speaks in the voice of Edward, the King — "I sympathize with the American nation in the loss of her distinguished and ever to be regretted President." And again it speaks, and it is the voice of William, the Emperor — "Germany mourns with America for her noble son." And again, and it is the voice of the President of France — "I sympathize in the calamity which bereaves the great American nation of a President so justly respected and loved." And again, and it is the voice of the President of Mexico — "His death will be mourned in this country hardly less than in the United States." And then a thousand instruments begin to click in every land, and the wires that bind the world are heavy with the messages of sorrow from kings and queens and presidents and peoples, until there is no corner of the earth that has not expressed its grief, no people that has not put on mourning. Half-masted is the flag of mankind. And now there comes a hush. The telegraph speaks no message,

the cars in the city streets stand still, the iron horse pauses in his stride across the country, the mills stop grinding, the shutters are on the windows, the doors of the great exchanges close, and the world sobs while the sepulchre opens and into it enters all that is mortal of William McKinley. But the great soul has moved on.

> "For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
> And break the shore, and evermore
> Make and break, and work their will:
> Though world on world in myriad myriads roll
> Round us, each with different powers,
> And other forms of life than ours,
> What know we greater than the soul?"

The mortal is buried: the soul departed; the example remains, and so long as "On God and God-like men we build our trust" that example will remain as the greatest gift of McKinley to his country. It will be an example for the American youth to emulate. He was the full-rounded man — uncompromising with evil, yet unfailing in courtesy; slow to act, but certain in decision; able to grasp the broad problems of statesmanship, but fully possessed of the merest detail of legislation; genial in public and in his home; partisan, yet patriot more than partisan; soldier, when his country needed, but ever a lover of peace; ambitious, but for the substance, and not the shadow — to be, and not to

seem to be. Would one learn of valor? He was thrice promoted for valorous conduct on the field of battle. Would one learn of the beauty of the marriage vow? See his incessant devotion to the bride of his youth. Would one learn of patriotism? Read how he was ready to die for his country in war, and how he lived for her in time of peace; how his every public utterance was for her; how he loved his flag, and how, when the crisis approached in the policies of the nation, and history was being made in a day, it was his thrilling question "Who shall pull it down?" That settled the issues of the hour, and showed the nation that the way to peace and honor was not through retreat and defeat, but through advance and triumph. Would one learn of statesmanship? Read how, without dictation or assumption, he brought Congress time and again to the support of his policies, and how when surrounded by great men in his cabinet he so dominated that none impressed his own individuality upon any policy of the administration. Read how he restored the nation's credit; how he championed a policy which caused the rivers of the nation to be harnessed again to the chariots of manufacture, and set the looms humming, and the spindles singing, and the anvils chanting. Read how his hand directed, and his voice commanded, when the nation, emerging from the tempest of war, swung from her ancient course, and hove into view as a world power, to

be reckoned with wherever her interests were involved, to be feared wherever the rights of an American citizen were abridged, to be loved wherever oppressed humanity was seeking for freer and better conditions of life. Read how his policy led America to overleap her ancient bounds, and, no longer confined to the continent, hemmed in by the surges breaking on the shore, with one foot upon the land, and the other upon the sea, to unfurl her protecting banner, until to Hawaii there came annexation, and to Cuba there came the organization of a home government, the fruition of her hopes for a hundred years, and to the Philippines rest and order, such as they had never known before. Read how his attitude when the world clashed in China resulted in saving that ancient nation from dismemberment, and contributed to the peace of mankind. Read how his instructions to the delegates at the Peace Conference turned their thoughts from the impractical proposition of disarmament to the practical plan of settling international difficulties by arbitration, thus hastening the day when war shall be no more. Would one learn of honor? Read how twice he refused the highest crown among men, the Presidency of the United States, because he was pledged to the cause of another. "I will not stultify my character for any reward on earth," was his word, and his action was suited to the word. Would one learn of Christianity? Read how he

prayed "May God forgive him," in the moment he was struck down! Aye, stand by his bedside and see him as he dies. Nations are there, but he is not thinking of thrones, or powers, or empires; not of glory, or of men; not of pomp or splendor; not of treaties or of conquests. His it has been to speak and armies marched, navies thundered, cities surrendered, and nations sued for peace. Yet his thoughts are not on armies or navies now. He hears not the plaudits of the people, nor sees the weeping of mankind; the earth is fading; he speaks — it is not of regret, not of vengeance, not of pride, but of harmony with the purposes of the Infinite — "God's will, not ours, be done," and he drifts out on unknown seas under the Great Captain of the Universe into the dawning eternities faintly singing "Nearer my God to Thee."

"Such was he; his work is done;
But, while the races of mankind endure.
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure,
Till in all lands, and through all human story,
The path to duty be the path to glory."

At the conclusion of the eulogy the audience joined with the Apollo Club in singing "Nearer My God To Thee," and the exercises were closed with the following benediction by Rev. Father Rockwell.

May the blessing of God descend upon you all, and abide with you forever. May the blessings of domestic peace enter into your homes, the blessings of family union among father, mother, son and daughter. May the same favor come to all our fellow-citizens. May the blessings of peace and fraternal union bind us all together into a strong harmonious nation enjoying peace among ourselves, and peace with other nations. May the spirit of kindliness and fraternity be fostered between high and low, rich and poor. May health, industry, prosperity, honor and godliness be always with us. God bless our country. God bless you all.

BIOGRAPHY.

City of Boston
IN BOARD OF ALDERMEN,
SEPTEMBER 14-1901

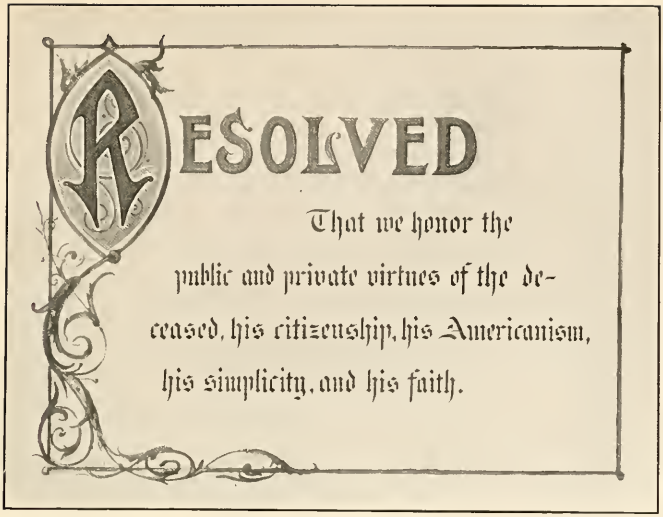
Resolved

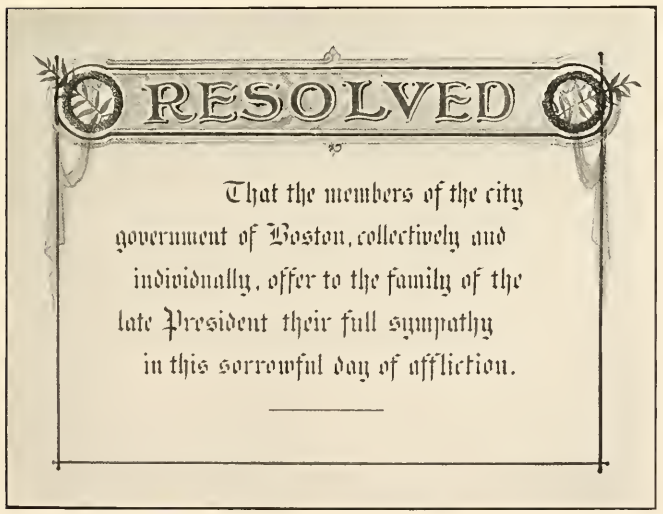
That the City
Government learns with sorrow that

William McKinley,
President of the United States,
is no longer among the living.

Resolved

That in the death of
President McKinley we have sustained an irreparable loss, deeply felt by our city, our country, and mankind.


RESOLVED
That we honor the public and private virtues of the deceased, his citizenship, his Americanism, his simplicity, and his faith.


RESOLVED
That the members of the city government of Boston, collectively and individually, offer to the family of the late President their full sympathy in this sorrowful day of affliction.

"Good by all.
good by."
"Its Gods way.
His will be done!"

BIOGRAPHY.

William McKinley, the twenty-fifth President of the United States, was born in Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio, January 29, 1843. The father of the President, William McKinley, Sr., was born in Pine Township, Mercer County, Pa., in 1807, and married Nancy Campbell Allison of Columbiana County, Ohio, in 1829. William McKinley was educated in the public schools of Niles, Union Seminary, at Poland, Ohio, and Allegheny College, at Meadville, Pa. Enlisted at the beginning of the Civil War, June 11, 1861, as a private in the 23d Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He served throughout the war and received successive promotions until March 14, 1865, when he was brevetted Major for gallantry in the battles of Opequan, Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill. Was mustered out July 26, 1865, immediately took up the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in March, 1867. In 1869 was elected prosecuting attorney of Stark County. On January 25, 1871, married Miss Ida Saxton. Elected a member of the National House of Representatives in 1876 and served for fourteen years. Defeated in 1890, the

district having been changed. Elected Governor of Ohio in 1891 and re-elected in 1893. On June 18, 1896, was nominated for President, and was elected the following November. Elected for a second term in 1900. Was shot by an assassin at the Buffalo Exposition grounds, September 6, 1901, and died from the effects of the wound September 14, 1901.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 013 788 354 5